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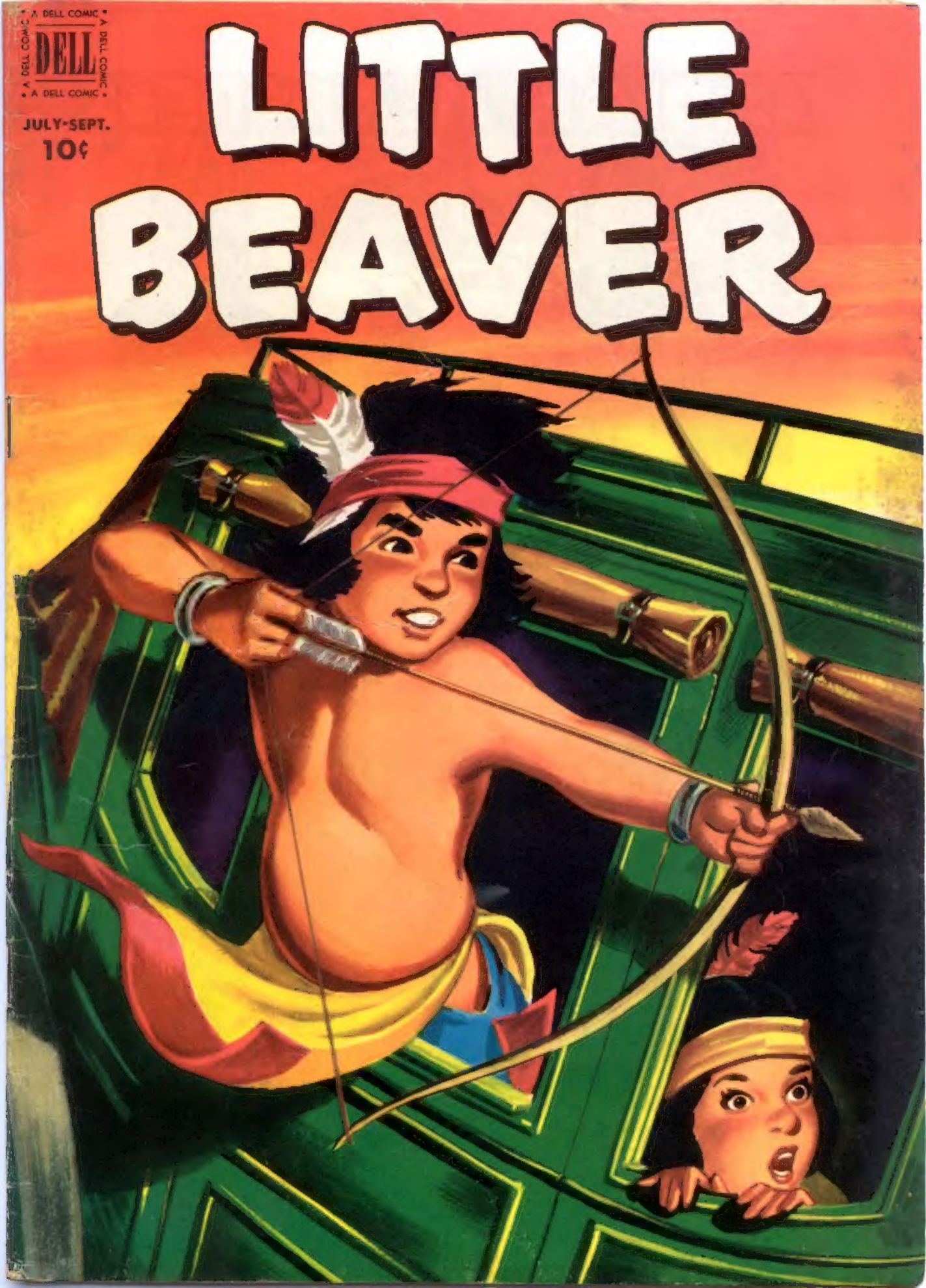
LITTLE BEAVER



INDIAN HEADDRESS

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NEZ PERCE

KLAMATH

SHOSHONI

HUPA

Contrary to popular belief, the eagle feather warbonnet worn by the Sioux is not the same headdress worn by all Indians. Every tribe had its own headdress, each similar in material, but different in design.

The Nez Perce and Shoshoni Indians wore dress bonnets made from horns, fur and feathers, while the Klamaths used the stuffed head and body of a loon, decorated with a feather plume. A somewhat similar headdress, made from a small animal and adorned with hawk feathers, was worn by the Hupa Indians of California. The Kiowas made their bonnets from the headskins and horns of the antelope and trimmed them with dyed feathers. The fearless Comanches wore headpieces made from the skin and tail of the precious otter, decorated with hawk feathers and other bright ornaments. The headskin and horns of the bison were used by the Menomini Indians of the middle west in making their shoulder length headdresses.

Regardless of the materials used, the headdresses reflected the fertile imagination and craftsmanship of the Redman.

KIOWA

SIOUX

COMANCHE

MENOMINI

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LITTLE BEAVER

LITTLE BEAVER! COME QUICK TO LONELY MESA! THERE BE MANY TENTS THERE... AND STRANGE MEN! ME HEAP EXCITED!

HUH? WHY ANYBODY WANT TO PUT-UM TENTS WAY OUT AT LONELY MESA?

by FRED HARMAN

HOW SHOULD ME KNOW? BUT TENTS HAVE-UM MANY STRIPES! AND MEN LOOK AND TALK HEAP FUNNY...!

ME THINK YOU HAVE-UM DAYDREAM! BUT ME GO ALONG AND TAKE-UM LOOK!

HO! THEY LOOK HEAP FUNNY, ALL RIGHT! ME WONDER WHO THEM BE...?

HOWDY, KIDS!

HOW, MISTER KILLEN! YOU KNOW WHO PUT-UM UP TENTS?

SURE DO! IT'S A HUNTIN' PARTY... HIGH-TONED FOREIGNERS... A DUKE, A LORD, AN' EVEN A PRINCE! I'M GONNA BE THEIR GUIDE!

DID HIM MEAN A REAL, LIVE PRINCE?

ME GUESS SO! ME SEE-UM PICTURE OF ONE IN BOOK! HIM WEAR-UM IRON SUIT, JUST LIKE COOKSTOVE! CALL-UM ARMOR!

BUT HOW HIM GET-UM STOVE ON AND TAKE-UM OFF AGAIN?

EE-AI!

BIG HORSE MAKE-UM RUNAWAY WITH LITTLE WHITE SQUAW! WE SAVE-UM HER!

BE HEAP CAREFUL, LITTLE BEAVER... SO HER NOT GET-UM HURT!

HANG-UM ON TIGHT, MISS, AND NOT BE SCARED!

I SAY, YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT! MIDNIGHT WON'T LIKE IT!

OOF! BIG HORSE HEAP STRONG!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

LET-UM HORSE GO, LITTLE BEAVER! WE CATCH-UM LATER!

UGH! ME SIT-UM DOWN PLENTY HARD!

HERE... ME HELP-UM YOU UP, DUST-UM OFF DRESS..!

YEE-AI! LITTLE BEAVER! HER BE A HIM...!

REALLY, YOU KNOW, MIDNIGHT WASN'T RUNNING AWAY! I SLIPPED AWAY AND WAS JUST OUT FOR A CANTER!

SKIRTS BE FOR SQUAWS! WHY YOU WEAR-UM?

IT'S ONLY A HIGHLAND OUTFIT! I'M PART SCOTCH, YOU KNOW!

HMPH! ME LIKE HIM BETTER IF HIM WEAR PANTS!

DON'T MIND LITTLE BEAVER! WE LIKE YOU FINE!

YOU MAY CALL ME BERTIE... IT'S THE NAME I LIKE BEST!

YOU CALL-UM ME PO-KO! IT BE ONLY NAME ME GOT!

ME GO CATCH-UM YOUR HORSE! YOU RIDE ALONG BEHIND, WITH PO-KO!

OH, NO! HIM BE A STRANGER HERE... WE GOT TO TREAT-UM NICE! HIM RIDE YOUR PONY, AND YOU COME WITH ME!

WELL... ME GUESS YOU RIGHT! AND... AI-EE!... WHEN WE CATCH-UM BIG HORSE, MAYBE HIM INVITE US TO TENTS!

HMM! ME GOT TO ADMIT HIM HEAP GOOD AT RIDE-UM PONY!

WILL SEE PRINCE WEAR-UM STOVE WHEN WE VISIT TENTS? HUH? WILL WE?

MEANWHILE, NEARBY...

COME ON, YUH ORNERY CAYUSE! SNADE'S GONNA BE MIGHTY TICKLED WHEN WE TURN YUH OVER TO HIM!

AN' HE'S GONNA BE MIGHTY SORE, IF WE GET THERE LATE WITH THESE HORSES!

AN' WHEN SNADE IS IN A HURRY, IT MEANS HE'S PLANNIN' SOMETHIN' BIG... WITH PLENTY OF EASY DOUGH FOR US!

WHAT DO YUH SUPPOSE IT IS THIS TIME, NOTCH... A BANK STICK-UP?

I DUNNO! SNADE AIN'T SAID YET! MAYBE WE'RE GONNA STOP A TRAIN!

MY HORSE! I'LL THANK THOSE TWO MEN FOR CATCHING HIM...!

WAIT-UM MINUTE! MAYBE THEY NOT CATCH-UM HORSE FOR YOU!

BERTIE NOT HEAR YOU...!

IT WAS JOLLY KIND OF YOU TO CATCH MY HORSE! I'LL TAKE HIM, NOW...!

HEY, NOTCH! COME TAKE A LOOK! IT'S A KID IN GAL'S CLOTHES!

HO! HO! AIN'T HE A COMICAL SIGHT!

I COMMAND YOU TO STOP LAUGHING AT ME!

YEAH, SHUT UP, GRILK! IF THAT'S REALLY TH' KID'S HORSE, WE'VE GOTTA DO SOME FAST THINKIN'!

WE B-BETTER GO SOMEPLACE ELSE, LITTLE BEAVER... FAST!

WE NOT GO FAR RIDE-UM DOUBLE, BEFORE WE BE CAUGHT! ANYWAY THEY SEE-UM US!

HEY! YOU INJUN KIDS! C'MERE!

LISTEN, YUH AIN'T GONNA GIVE THAT BIG CAYUSE BACK!

NO, AN' I AIN'T GONNA LET THESE KIDS LOOSE TO BLAB THAT WE GOT HIM, EITHER...!

GET ON YOUR PONIES AGAIN! YOU'RE GOIN'... WITH US!

WE'LL DO NO SUCH THING..!

YOU'LL RUE THIS DAY, YOU...YOU RUFFIANS....!

STOP-UM FANCY TALK! YOU ONLY MAKE-UM THINGS WORSE! WE DO LIKE THEM SAY, BECAUSE WE NO CAN DO ANYTHING ELSE!

REMEMBER-UM MANNERS... TREAT-UM STRANGERS NICE... AND LOOK WHAT IT GOT US!

BUT YOU FIGURE-UM SOME WAY TO GET-UM HIM OUT OF TROUBLE, LITTLE BEAVER...?

ME GOT TO... BECAUSE WE BE IN SAME TROUBLE!

BERTIE NOT SCARED OF BAD MEN! MAYBE HIM ALL RIGHT, IN SPITE OF WEAR-UM SKIRT!

A LITTLE LATER...

YEAH, I GUESS YUH HAD TO BRING 'EM HERE, NOTCH! AN' THANKS FOR GRABBIN' THAT SWELL CAYUSE FOR ME!

ME KNOW HIM! ME SEE HIS FACE ON POSTER THAT SAY HIM HEAP BAD OUTLAW!

AS FOR YOU KIDS... KEEP YOUR YAPS SHUT AN' BEHAVE YOURSELVES TILL I DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YUH! GRILK, YOU WATCH 'EM!

WHEN DO WE GET TH' LOW-DOWN ON TH' JOB WE'RE PULLIN' TONIGHT, SNADE?

RIGHT NOW!

SIT DOWN! AN' REMEMBER, I'VE GOT MY EYES PEELED!

MY UNCLE PERCY IS GOING TO BE QUITE UPSET WHEN I DO NOT RETURN!

MAKE-UM HUSH-UP! ME WANT TO HEAR WHAT THEM SAY!

RAID THAT FANCY HUNTIN' CAMP? BUT I THOUGHT YUH SAID THERE'D BE BIG DOUGH IN THIS JOB!

WELL, I'M NOT PLANNIN' IT FOR FUN!

I GOT A TIP THAT TH' DUKE IS CARRYIN' TEN THOUSAND BUCKS IN A MONEY BELT! IS THAT BIG ENOUGH FOR YUH?

YEAH! BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA WORK IT?

AI-EE! YOU HEAR-UM WHAT THEY SAY? WE HAVE TO DO-UM SOMETHING, QUICK...!

ME KNOW IT! BUT WHAT...?

I TOLD UNCLE PERCY HE SHOULDN'T CARRY SO MUCH MONEY!

MONEY! MAYBE THAT BE-UM WAY OUT! YOU HAVE SOME, BERTIE?

WHY, YES, I DO HAVE A FEW COINS!

GIVE-UM IT ALL TO ME, BEHIND BACK... SO BAD MAN NOT NOTICE!

THIS IS A FINE TIME FOR BORROW-UM MONEY! HOW YOU PAY IT BACK?

HEY! DON'T TRY NO TRICKS, YUH LITTLE IMP!

AI-EE! ME SEE SOMETHING THAT MAKE-UM GLITTER, JUST LIKE GOLD!

WELL, I'LL BE...! A TWENTY-BUCK GOLD PIECE! GIVE IT TO ME!

ME SEE 'NOTHER ONE! RIGHT OVER THERE!

DON'T TALK SO LOUD, KID! WE'LL...ER... SPLIT ALL WE DIG UP, HUH?

HERE...A SILVER DOLLAR! AND ME THINK THERE BE-UM MORE YONDER!

PO-KO! RUN WITH BERTIE AND GET-UM HORSES! ME KEEP BAD MAN BUSY, HUNT-UM MONEY!

OH, NO, OLD CHAP! I WON'T GO WITHOUT YOU!

LITTLE BEAVER KNOW WHAT HIM DO-UM! COME ON!

GOSH! MONEY ALL OVER TH' PLACE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE LOST IT!

DIG-UM HARD! WE SOON BE RICH!

THOSE OTHER KIDS... GONE...!

YUH PESKY LITTLE REDSKIN, DROP THAT!

SURE! IT JUST WHAT ME MEAN TO DO!

(ULP!) YEE-OW! SNAKE, HELP!

KEEP LOOK-UM FOR MONEY WHILE YOU DOWN THERE! ME DROP-UM 'NOTHER GOLD PIECE YOU NOT YET FIND!

WHY, THAT SAP-HEADED BUNGLER...!

. NEVER MIND HIM! HIT YOUR SADDLES AN' GRAB THOSE BRATS!

NO MAKE-UM SLOW-DOWN, PO-KO! ME SWING-UM ON PAPOOSE AS HIM GO BY...!

M-ME HOPE YOU CAN DO-UM!

WELL DONE, OLD MAN!

UGH! EVERY TIME ME TRY-UM THIS BEFORE, ME FALL OFF!

THEY FOLLOW US HEAP CLOSE, LITTLE BEAVER!

ME HEAR-UM! AND IT LONG WAY TO HUNTING CAMP, ON OTHER SIDE OF HILLS!

SPREAD OUT! DON'T LET 'EM GET INTO TH' HILLS!

RIDE-UM HORSES AMONG TREES! MAYBE WE CAN HIDE-UM OUT THERE!

M-ME THINK BAD MEN TOO CLOSE FOR US TO HIDE-UM SELVES ANYWHERE!

I SAY, THIS IS A BIT OF A SPOT FOR US, EH?

WE TRY TO CROSS-UM GHOST RIVER! IT JUST AHEAD OF US!

OUCH!

WE'RE GAININ' ON 'EM!

UH! I'M GETTIN' MY BRAINS BEAT OUT!

WE NO CAN CROSS-UM THAT! ITS BANKS BE TOO STEEP...!

ME KNOW-UM WAY TO GET ACROSS!-

ME, TOO! TALLYHO, MIDNIGHT!

LITTLE BEAVER, MAKE HIM STOP! HIM FALL IN RIVER AND BREAK-UM NECK!

MAYBE NOT! HIM MEAN TO JUMP-UM RIVER!

EE-YA! BIG HORSE FLY THROUGH AIR JUST LIKE EAGLE!

ME NO CAN L-LOOK!

WHEW! BERTIE HEAP BRAVE, IN SPITE OF WEAR-UM SKIRTS!

BUT WHAT **WE** DO NOW? OUR PONIES NO CAN JUMP ACROSS RIVER!

I'M SORRY! I FORGOT YOU WEREN'T RIDING JUMPERS! I'LL COME BACK!

NO! YOU STAY-UM THERE!

YOU GO WARN-UM DUKE AND PRINCE! WE... UGH!...STOP HERE AND GET CAUGHT!

WE **NOT** GET CAUGHT! OLD NAVAJO HUNTER FOOTBRIDGE BE CLOSE BY...ME FIND-UM!

HUH? ME RATHER GET CAUGHT THAN GO ON **THAT**!

THERE IT BE! LEAVE-UM PONIES AND COME ON, PO-KO! MAKE-UM HURRY-UP!

YOU NOT HEAR-UM GOOD? ME NOT DO IT! NO! NEVER!

BUT, A MOMENT LATER...

M-ME TOO SCARED TO DO-UM, LITTLE BEAVER! YOU GO AHEAD AND SAVE-UM SELF!

ME HELP YOU! PUT ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF OTHER, AND NOT LOOK-UM DOWN! START NOW...BAD MEN BE HERE HEAP QUICK!

LOOK, SNADE! THEY HAD TO LEAVE THEIR PONIES BEHIND!

YEAH! EVEN IF THEY GET ACROSS, WE CAN FOLLOW ON FOOT AN' CATCH 'EM EASY!

(ULP!) ME ABOUT TO FALL! LET GO AND SAVE-UM SELF, LITTLE BEAVER!

IT NOT MUCH FARTHER, PO-KO...!

AI-EE! ME LOSE-UM BALANCE! GIVE-UM ME YOUR HAND...!

5

GRIP-UM LOG WITH MOCCASINS! HANG ON TIGHT!

ME TRY!

WHY ME NOT THINK ABOUT THIS BEFORE? WORK-UM SIDEWAYS TOWARD BANK, PO-KO... YOU NO CAN FALL NOW...IF YOU NOT LET GO!

ME NO LET GO... ME TOO SCARED!

TH' BLASTED LITTLE VARMINTS ARE GONNA MAKE IT!

WELL, GET ACROSS TH' LOG AN' GRAB 'EM! HURRY UP!

I SAY, THAT TOOK NERVE, YOU KNOW! I'D HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO TRY IT!

AND YOU HEAP BRAVE TO JUMP-UM HORSE ACROSS!

STOP PRAISE-UM EACH OTHER! HELP ME ROLL-UM LOG IN RIVER!

I'LL HAUL 'EM BACK FOR YUH, SNADE! AN'....!

WHAT TH'...? HOLY SMOKE, I GOTTA GET OFF OF THIS...BEFORE THEY DUMP ME IN TH' RIVER!

PUSH-UM... UGH!... HARDER!

ME PUSH ALL ME CAN, RIGHT NOW!

IT'S JOLLY HEAVY, YOU KNOW!

GIVE ME A HAND, SNADE... QUICK!

YOU LUNKHEAD! IF YOU'D HAVE GONE JUST A LITTLE FARTHER, THEY COULDN'T HAVE MOVED TH' LOG!

AI-EE! NOW WE SAFE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY CAN'T GET ACROSS!

BULLETS GET-UM ACROSS...AND THEY MAD ENOUGH NOW FOR USE-UM GUNS! RUN FOR BRUSH!

STOP WASTIN' POWDER! HIT YOUR SADDLES AGAIN! HURRY UP!

GOSH, SNADE, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

THERE'S A FORD A COUPLA MILES UPSTREAM! IT'S RISKY, BUT WE'VE GOTTA GET ACROSS THAT RIVER!

ME WANT-UM STOP FOR REST!

NOT NOW! ME 'FRAID BAD MEN FIND-UM SOME WAY TO GET ON THIS SIDE! WE ALL RIDE BLACK HORSE...

ER... I'M AFRAID NOT, OLD CHAP!

MIDNIGHT HURT HIS LEG IN THAT JUMP! I'M DREADFULLY SORRY...

WELL, NO USE CRY-UM ABOUT IT! YOU LEAD-UM HORSE, WE ALL RUN HEAP FAST!

THAT NOT VERY FAST, FAR AS ME CONCERNED!

MEANWHILE...

IF WE MISS THAT CANYON, WE'RE ALL GONERS!

WE'RE ALL GONERS ANYWAY, IF WE DON'T CATCH THOSE KIDS!

LET THEM REACH THAT HUNTIN' CAMP AN' TH' WHOLE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER US! WHIP YOUR CAYUSES!

ME THINK YOU LOCO, LITTLE BEAVER, IF YOU THINK ANYBODY CHASE US NOW!

WELL, ME RATHER BE LOCO THAN GET CAUGHT!

I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT... THERE THEY ARE AGAIN!

WH-WHAT WE DO NOW ?

ME NOT KNOW! THEY HAVE GUNS, WE NOT GOT ANYTHING!

BY JOVE! I JUST REMEMBERED ...IN MY SADDLEBAGS...!

YOU GOT-UM GUN, MAYBE...?

WELL...NO! THESE WERE GIVEN TO ME WHEN I VISITED AUSTRALIA LAST YEAR! THEY ARE JOLLY EASY TO USE!

NO BUNGLIN', THIS TIME! GRAB 'EM, AN' DO IT QUICK!

YEAH! AN' I'M GONNA COLLAR THAT SMART-ALECK INJUN KID, FIRST OF ALL!

UGH! WELL, ME GUESS THEM BETTER THAN NOTHING! GIVE-UM ME ONE AND ME HIT SOMEBODY OVER HEAD...IF HIM COME CLOSE ENOUGH!

BUT THEY'RE BOOMERANGS... YOU THROW THEM! I'LL SHOW YOU...!

HMPH! YOU MAKE-UM MISS!

NO... I AIMED RIGHT! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS, NOW!

HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES...?

AW, THEY JUST THREW A STICK... AN' MISSED! COME ON!

EE-YAI! LOOK! IT MAKE-UM TURN-AROUND! IT COME BACK!

YES! RIGHT AT BACK OF THE BAD MAN'S HEAD...!

HOLY SMOKE! SNADE, IT CAME BACK! AN' THOSE KIDS HAVE GOT MORE OF 'EM..!

SO WHAT? WATCH TH' NEXT ONE AN' DUCK IN TIME... AN' KEEP GOIN'...!

GIVE-UM ME ONE OF THOSE! ME WANT TO HIT-UM LEADER OF BAD MEN!

ME WANT TO THROW ONE, TOO!

THROW IT AT HIS HEAD, BUT HIGH, OLD CHAP..! IT'LL COME BACK!

GIVE-UM ME ONE! ME WANT TO THROW A BANG-UM-RANG!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!

WE MIGHT GET OUR BRAINS KNOCKED OUT!

YOU CRYBABIES! GET UP THAT HILL AN'...

THAT'S ENOUGH! I'M PULLIN' OUTA HERE, PRONTO!

ME, TOO!

THOCK

BANG

BOOMERANG HEAP WONDERFUL!

I SAY! HERE COMES UNCLE PERCY... AND COUSIN RUPERT!

ME THROW BANG-UM-RANG, EVEN IF THERE NOTHING LEFT TO HIT!

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! YOU'VE GIVEN US A TERRIBLE FRIGHT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH QUITE! AND I'VE HAD A VERY INTERESTING AFTERNOON!

WHY HIM SAY "HIGHNESS"? BERTIE NOT BE HIGH... HIM PRETTY SHORT...!

AI-EE-OW! ME FORGOT ABOUT BANG-UM-RANG!

MY WORD!

MY UNCLE, THE DUKE OF SOUTHUMBRIA... MISTER LITTLE BEAVER AND MISS PO-KO!

UH... HOWJUHDO?

ME DO HEAP FINE... PO-KO, TOO, SOON AS HER FIND HER NOT HURT MUCH!

DUKE, YOU AN' TH' PRINCE BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP! ME AN' MY BOYS GOT SOME ORNERY HOMBRES TO ROUNDUP AN' CART OFF TO JAIL!

PRINCE? AI-EE! WHERE HIM BE? WHERE...?

WELL, HIM NOT BE ME... SO HIM MUST BE, BERTIE!

"WILL YOU COME AND VISIT ME AT THE CAMP.. FOR DINNER...?

WE DO-UM, YOUR ROYAL HIGHUP! AND YOU MAYBE WEAR-UM COOKSTOVE...?

WE TALK-UM 'BOUT THAT LATER, PO-KO!

BUT WHY IT BE WRONG TO ASK-UM HIM PUT ON COOKSTOVE FOR US? ME WANT TO SEE HOW HIM DO IT!

WELL... ER... THEY NEED-UM STOVE TO COOK DINNER! AND WE NOT WANT TO MISS THAT!

Wolves... or Apaches?

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"How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w!" The wolf's cry, shrill and sudden in the early-morning darkness, chilled Running Pony to the bone.

Thoroughly awake now, he listened with every nerve. It could be a real wolf, he told himself. The hills were full of wolves. The winter had been long and cold and, even now, in early summer, all the wild animals were lean and gaunt and hungry. Wolves had carried off two babies in a village just to the south.

They are wolves, he repeated—just wolves.

Then, in a quick flood of memories, he remembered. Eight moons ago. A cool, clear autumn night. Apaches had sprung out of the very ground, screaming, painted devils crazy for war and food and horses. His tribe had fought with courage and savagery which would be recounted by Elders as long as Navajos were alive. The battle, in fact, had already become a legend. Even so, when the bloodthirsty Apaches had finally retreated in the thin dawn light, vanishing as quickly and mysteriously as they had appeared, more than half of the tribe's warriors were dead or wounded. Scarcely an old man or woman had been left alive. Many braves were without wives or children.

The deep knife wounds in Running Pony's chest, scarred but long healed, throbbed painfully as they had that night months ago. He saw the whole scene again — the evil faces, the flashing knives, the sickening sound of tomahawks and war clubs, the cries of old squaws, the bewildered wails of children.

Shivering, despite his warm blanket, he remembered — a wolf call had signalled that Apache attack!

"How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w!"

There it was again! Just wolves, Running Pony told himself over and over again.

But, even as he listened, placing every cricket, every sound in the night, he braced himself for a rush of Apaches. He himself could imitate a wolf cry so realistically that none but the oldest hunter would know it from the real howl. So how could he, Running Pony, say that this, now, was a lonely, hungry wolf — or an Apache scout?

Hunters, he well knew, had reported signs of the dread Apaches for several moons. They were roaming far from home, raiding Navajo villages for young prisoners, for corn and jerky and horses and wives and scalps.

"How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w!"

This time, the horses snorted nervously and shifted around. Real or imitation, the sound of wolf always struck fear into their hearts. All except the youngest colts knew and remembered wolf attacks. Now, mares nuzzled their young, neighing softly. Stallions pawed at the earth, tossing their heads angrily.

As guardian of the village herd, Running Pony felt his responsibility settle over him like a damp blanket.

The horses, in their present restless state, might stampede at the next wolf call, especially if it came closer. The scent of wolf — or that of a fresh wolf skin on an Apache scout — would send them all into a suicidal frenzy.

Running Pony rose, shedding his blanket, and moved among the animals, making soft, soothing sounds. He patted a mare here, stroked the nose of a stallion there, whistled gently at colts and ponies.

Then, reluctantly, he moved out to the edge of the herd and whistled the call of the great horned owl. He made the mornful call loud and clear, twice, knowing it would carry through the night to the guard on duty at the village.

Even so, the tribal cry of danger meant little help for some time yet. Running Pony pictured the guard hearing the owl call, distant and weak. He pictured the guard waiting to hear the second call, then rushing to awaken the braves. He pictured the protests of sleepy children, the bustling of squaws, the silent haste of the warriors grabbing their knives and tomahawks and war clubs and spears.

But he knew it would take them quite a while to sneak through the hills to this place. One more wolf call . . . or two . . . or three, if he was lucky . . . and the horses might bolt. And no one could help then.

And if these were Apaches, instead of wolves — !! All the horses would be stolen. The entire village would have to hunt and fight and travel on foot. And they would find Running Pony stretched out on the ground here, mutilated, lifeless, scalped. His Son would have no Father, as he himself had had no Father since the earlier Apache raid.

The thought of his Father, and of his own Son, stirred a wild anger. Swiftly, Running Pony raced to the tallest tree nearby and scrambled up to its topmost branches.

Still as the very leaves, he peered through the dim moonlight, straining to make out objects in the canyon just to the North.

He closed his eyes frequently, rolled them from one side to the other, keeping them in sharp focus, relieving the strain.

Then, suddenly, he saw it.

Down in the canyon, a tiny flash of moonlight — and, just as quickly, darkness again. But it was enough. An over-anxious Apache crawling forward, knife in hand or between his teeth, momentarily forgetful of the moonlight and his polished blade. Or, a careless youth on his first war party. Or an older warrior, with a white victim's silver watch slipping out of its medicine-bag pouch at the neck.

Regardless — Apaches!

In that instant, Running Pony knew what he must do. Quickly, he sniffed at the air, turned his head to feel the light breeze against his cheek, studied the slight rustle of the leaves around him. It was right. The Great Spirit was on his side!

Taking a deep breath, he began the cry of the wolf.

"How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w! How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w!" Over and over again, he howled. *"How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w! How-w-w-w-wow-w-w-w!"*

Finally, out of breath, he settled back in the crotch of the limb and listened happily as the horses broke into a full, abandoned gallop, headed straight into the steep-walled canyon . . .

". . . That, My Son," he concluded, "happened many, many moons ago, when I was a warrior and you were a papoose on your Mother's back."

He shifted his aching legs, wincing at the pains of old age, then sucked contentedly on his favorite pipe. "Not one Apache came out of that canyon alive! All were killed in the great stampede! Your Father's Father was avenged; our entire tribe was avenged. And no Apache has ever showed his dog-like face in these hills since that time!"

Running Pony's wrinkled face creased into a warm, happy smile. "And that," he added softly, looking into the eyes of the proud youth opposite, "is why you are called 'Wolf Cry'!"

LITTLE BEAVER

by FRED HARMAN

AI-EE! PO-KO/LOOK-UM WHAT JUST POP OUT FROM BUSHES!

OOOH! ANGRY STORY-BOOK LION! WHAT HIM DO HERE?

US NOT WAIT TO FIND OUT! GIDDAP!

LOOK OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! RUN!.. RUN!

RUN YOURSELF! ME GONE GOOSE!

WHY, HE FRIENDLY LION! HIM LIKE YOU HEAP MUCH!

UGH! THAT WHAT ME BE SCARED OF!

ALBERT! WHAT A NAUGHTY BOY TO RUN AWAY FROM MAMA!

MY NAME NOT ALBERT...AND YOU NOT BE MY MAMA!

HUSH! I'M TALKING TO THE LION, LITTLE BOY/ HERE...

OOH! FREE PASSES TO CARNIVAL! HEAP THANKS, MA'AM!

LATER...

WE HAVE FUN AT CARNIVAL, PO-KO/ EAT GLASS CANDY!

MMM...AN' SODA FIZZ WATER AN' PEANUTS...

LOOK-UM, LITTLE BEAVER! SQUAW HAVE WHISKERS!

MAKE HEAP GOOD WHISKER-BROOM HUH?

SEE THE BEARD

SHE GO IN WICKIUP/ MEBBE CURL WHISKERS! LOOK PRETTY!

LOOK! SHE DROP-UM SOMETHING! ME PICK UP FOR HER!

EXCUSE-UM! PALEFACE SQUAW LOSE-UM BEARD!

OH, MY GOODNESS! PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE! I'LL GIVE YOU A DIME, IF YOU'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS!

ME NOT TELL-UM ANYBODY!

YOU BETCH-UM!

REAL BEARD

HAI! GET-UM FORTUNE TOLD... TWO FOR DIME! WE GO IN?

OKAY! DIME BURN-UM HOLE IN BRITCHES, ANYWAY!

MADAME OOHLAH FORTUNE TELLER PRICE 10¢ CHILDREN 5¢ LEARN YOUR FUTURE MIST

OOHLAH, AH! LEETLE LADY, A TALL DARK HANDSOME MAN WEEL SOON CROSS YOUR PATH!

NO KID-UM?

AN' ZEE LEETLE INJUN CHIEF WEEL FALL INTO A LOT OF MONEY!

ME WILL..?

A LITTLE LATER...

FORTUNE TELL-UM SQUAW IS LOCO! TALL HANDSOME MAN CROSS MY PATH! PHOOEY!

BANK

UGH! HEAP PHOOEY!

LOOK OUT, PO-KO! YOU BLOCK-UM UP ROAD!

ONE SIDE, YOU INJUN BRATS!

BLAST YOU, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GO.N'!

WE NOT GO.NG ANY-PLACE! YOU WATCH-UM! HEY, WHY YOU WEAR-UM MASK?

SHUT UP! FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME...YOU **HEAR**? I'LL...

YOU BUMP-UM LADY..OOPSIE-DAISY! YOU POLLY-GIZE!

OH SURE! I ALMOST BREAK MY NECK..AN' I SHOULD APOLOGIZE! BAH!

YOU BAD MAN, ME BETCH-UM! YOU BE HEAP SORRY!

FORTUNE TELL-UM SAY TALL MAN CROSS MY PATH... BUT SHE NO SAY HE KNOCK ME **DOWN**!

AI!.. ME FIND-UM GOLD MONEY MAN DROP FROM BAG!

BANK

LISTEN! HEAP LOUD MUSIC!

NO TIME NOW, PO-KO! WE FIND-UM SHERIFF!

ZZZZZ TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

BANK

IS CARNIVAL BANDWAGON! MAKE-UM SO MUCH NO.SE NO CAN HEAR-UM SELF THINK!

HELP! TH' BANK'S BEEN ROBBED! WITH ALL YOU LUNKHEADS RIGHT IN **FRONT** OF IT!

WE DIDN'T HEAR NOTHIN', SAM!

YEE-UP! MASKED HOMBRE SNUCK IN BACK DOOR... STICKS ME UP! GOT AWAY WITH A PURN FORTUNE!

WHILE WE WAS A-LISTENIN' TO TH' MUSIC?

BANK ROBBERY, HUH? WHICH WAY DID THE VARMINT GO?

THISAWAY!

THATAWAY!

YONDERLY!

GIMME THAT MONEY!

HIM GO DOWN THAT STREET! WE SEE-UM! PICK UP GOLD COIN FROM SACK HE SPILL! HA!

QUICK! AFTER HIM, MEN! HE CAN'T GIT FAR!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BOYS! SHOOT TH' CRITTER ON SIGHT!

LAND SAKES! EVERY STREET'S A RACE TRACK THESE DAYS! A BODY AIN'T SAFE!

BOW WOW

THEY NO FIND-UM BAD MAN! ME TIRED OF CHASING WILLY WISP!

ME, TOO! LET'S GO BACK TO CARNIVAL!

...SEE THE MAN-EATING LION FROM DARKEST AFRICA...

WHERE HIM AT?

LADY LION TAMER

OOH! HIM HEAP STRONG! MAKE LITTLE BEAVER LOOK LIKE MIDGET!

UGH! ME HEAP STRONG TOO, ME BETCH-UM!

SAW STO SEE

SEE? ME TIE-UM KNOT IN IRON BAR! IT MADE OF RUBBER! HEAP FAKE!

VAMOOSE! YOU'RE CRABBING THE ACT!

HEY! YOU CHANGE-UM FALSE BEARD, HUH? THAT NOT SAME ONE YOU DROP OUTSIDE TENT!

ARRGH!

BEARDED LADY

YOU NOT SO NICE AS WHEN YOU GIVE ME DIME! BEARD MORE RAGGEDY, TOO!

SHUT UP, BRAT! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE!

BEARDED LADY NOT SAME AS BEFORE! VOICE SOUND DIFFERENT!

UGH! AND THAT NOT FALSE BEARD, ME BETCH-UM! IT REAL!

SEE, PO-KO? THIS BEARD FASTEN ON GOOD! IT NOT COME OFF WITHOUT HEAP SHAVE!

OWW-WW! WHAT IN TARNATION... YUH BLASTED...

I'LL TEACH YUH TO MONKEY WITH HONEST FOLKS' WHISKERS!

OOPS! YOU MISSED ME!

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THAT NOT BEARDED LADY! THAT BEARDED **MAN**! ME KNOW HIM VOICE!

HIM ROB-UM BANK!

HIM **BANK** ROB-UM, IN REAL BEARDED LADY'S DRESS! THEY IN **CAHOOTS**!

STRONG MAN

ASON

I'LL SHOW YUH WHO'S IN CAHOOTS AROUND HERE, BLAST YUH!...

IT'S A REAL BEAR

SEE! THE BEARD LADY

CARNIVAL HEAP LIVELY, EH, PO-KO?

UGH! NEXT TIME ME GO TO CARNIVAL, ME STAY IN HOGAN!

BLAM

BLAM

LOOK-UM OUT! BEARDED LADY SHOOT-UM GUN! HEAP BULLETS!

I'M DEPUTY SHERIFF PROUTY, MA'AM!..AN' YOU'RE TH' REAL BEARDED LADY, EH?

AN' THAT BANK ROBBER IS YOUR CONFEDERATE, HUH?

SHUT UP! WHERE'S MY BEARD?...HEY.. RUBE!

SHUT UP! YOU'RE SCARIN' TH' LION!

CRACK

RUN, PO-KO! TAME LION HEAP WILD! PULL-UM TENT DOWN OVER EARS!

ME NO LIKE-UM CARNIVAL! ME WANT TO GO HOME!

ME GET OUT OF HERE HEAP PRONTO! WHERE PO-KO?

GRR-RR! IT'S YOU, IS IT?... HA!

UH-OH! ME BETTER LEAVE NOW!

HOLD STILL, YUH JACK RABBIT! I GOT SOMETHING FOR YUH!

ME KNOW WHAT IT IS, AN' ME NO WANT-UM!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

INJUN TRICK, HUH? YUH WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, BY GUMBO!

HOIST YOUR FLIPPERS, MISTER! YOUR STRING'S RUN OUT!

FETCH A ROPE, SOMEBODY! THAT LITTLE INJUN FELL DOWN TH' DRY WELL!

LEMME GO! YOU GOT NO EVIDENCE AGAINST ME!

YOU HEAR ME, DOWN THERE? TIE THIS ROPE AROUND YOUR WAIST!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! PULL-UM UP!

ME LAND-UM ON SACK FULL OF MONEY! WOW!

IT'S TH' BANK LOOT! THERE'S OUR EVIDENCE, BOYS!

YOU SURE MADE THIS CARNIVAL PAY OFF, LITTLE BEAVER!

FORTUNE TELL-UM WAS RIGHT! LITTLE BEAVER FALL INTO HEAP OF MONEY!

OH, HELLO! YOU HEAP GOOD FORTUNE-TELLER!

BLAH!

GOOD WORK, KIDS! THAT CARNIVAL WAS A BLIND... FOR TH' BIGGEST BANDIT GANG IN TH' SOUTHWEST!

UGH! ME GET CLOSE SHAVE FROM BEARDED LADY!

THERE POOR OLD LION AGAIN! HE START WHOLE SHE-BANG!

MEBBE HE CATCH BOAT RIDE BACK TO JUNGLE!

HM-MM! AND MEBBE TALL DARK HANDSOME MAN CROSS PO-KO'S PATH AGAIN SOMETIME!

HE BE LITTLE BEAVER, WHEN GET GROWNUP!

UGH! ME GROWN-UP NOW!

BEARDED LADY'S FALSE BEARD! YOU NO FOOL-UM ME, SMALL ONE!

Lone Pine and The Stagecoach Murders

EARLY ONE AFTERNOON ON THE TRAIL NEAR PINON CITY...

UGH! HEAD BEAT LIKE TOM-TOM!

LONE PINE REMEMBER RIDING ALONG...THEN SKY FALL ON HEAD!

UH-OH! BIG TROUBLE!

...STAGECOACH HELD UP!

DRIVER DEAD! THIS ONE TOO!

RIDER COMING... THIS WAY!

HOWDY, LONE PINE! I JUST...THE STAGE! WHAT HAPPENED?

SHERIFF!

SHERIFF TOO LATE... WHITE MEN BOTH DEAD!

BUT...KILLED BY ARROWS! AND NONE OF TODAYS INDIANS USE ARROWS...

...'CEPT YOU, LONE PINE! YOU STILL STICK TO YOUR BOW AND ARROWS! WHERE ARE YOUR ARROWS?

GUWE!

IS THIS ONE OF YOURS?

YES, THAT LONE PINES! BUT... SHERIFF! YOU NOT THINK...?

WHAT'VE YOU DONE WITH THE STRONGBOX?

ME NOT UNDERSTAND!

LOOK, LONE PINE...I RODE OUT HERE TO ESCORT THE STAGE INTO TOWN! INSTEAD I FIND THE STRONGBOX MISSIN'...? AND THE DRIVER'N HIS PASSENGER DEAD!

YOU'RE BENDIN' OVER THE BODIES... AND YOU ADMIT THESE ARE YOUR ARROWS!

YOU'RE IT, MISTER!

BUT, SHERIFF... LONE PINE HIT OVER HEAD! NOT SEE HOLDUP!

I'M SORRY, LONE PINE! WE'VE BEEN GOOD FRIENDS! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE TRIAL FOR THIS!

ME HAVE NO CHANCE, IF ME GO TO TRIAL!

HUP! HUP!

DON'T YOU TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, OR I'LL... HEY!

NO TIME FOR TALK NOW!

WHY, YOU...!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'M WARNIN' YOU!

FOLLOW TRAIL TO BIG EAGLE MOUNTAIN! GO NOW!

WHERE'RE YOU TAKIN' ME!

WHITE FRIEND'S EYES LIE... LONE PINE GET MEDICINE FOR EARS!

LATER...

LONE PINE! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME... SHERIFF!

TIED AND GAGGED! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

WHY YOU HOLD UP STAGE, SAM? AND WHY YOU MAKE IT LOOK LIKE LONE PINE DO IT? WHY?

HOLD UP THE STAGE? WHY, YOU DIRTY REDSKIN! YOU ACCUSIN' ME OF...

ME TEACH YOU HOW TO HUNT WITH BOW AND ARROW... REMEMBER? SO ME KNOW YOU HOLD UP STAGECOACH!

NOW, LOOK HERE, LONE PINE!

DO NOT WORRY! ME ANGRY... BUT ME NOT KILL YOU!

MMFF! GBB!

LONE PINE HATE SHERIFF! YOU KILL SHERIFF...WE FORGET WHOLE THING!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS CRAZY INDIAN'S TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF! BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT HIS GUN...

I'LL UNTIE YOU, AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM BACK FOR HIS LITTLE NECKTIE PARTY!

LONE PINE HAS SHARP EYES, SAM...

YOU UNTIE SHERIFF, ME TELL HIM WHERE TO FIND MISSING STRONGBOX!

WHY, YOU...!

ALL RIGHT, REDSKIN! I'LL KILL THE SHERIFF... BUT **YOU'RE** GOIN' TO DIE FIRST!

CRACK!

I'M NOT SPLITTIN' THAT GOLD WITH ANY...

OOFF!

I'LL BE BACK, REDSKIN...WITH **TWO** GUNS!

GUN ALL RIGHT FOR WHITE MAN...

BUT INDIAN USE IT BETTER LIKE TOMAHAWK!

UNNHH!

LATER...

I SHORE APOLOGIZE, LONE PINE! BUT HOW DID YOU FIGGER OUT THAT SAM...?

LONE PINE **NOT** KNOW! ME JUST PLAY WHITE MAN'S "BLUFF"!

MIGHTY GOOD BLUFFIN', I'D SAY!

BUT I **STILL** DON'T SEE HOW YOU KNEW HE HAD JUST BURIED THE STRONGBOX HERE!

INDIAN NOTICE **EVERYTHING!**

DIRT **HERE** WAS DAMP AND BLACK...FROM BOTTOM OF DEEP HOLE!

WELL, YOU SHORE TOOK A BIG CHANCE...

...GIVIN' SAM THAT GUN OF MINE!

LIKE WE SAY, SHERIFF, "CAREFUL INDIAN IS LIVE INDIAN!" YOU SEE, SAM GOT GUN...BUT LONE PINE KEEP BULLETS!